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J. A. BRANNER, July 11, 1877-2m.

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J. A. Stubblefield, A. B., Princp'l.

THE NEXT SESSION COM-

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Has now on hand a complete stock of

Family Groceries, To which he has recently added a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which he offers cheap for Cash. He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of Provisions and Estables of every description kept

# MARK THESE FACTS

The Testimony of the Whole World. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,

"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills give me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box, and keep them in the r. Hollowsy has cured my headache that was "I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."

My names of a morning is now cured "Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of hoise in the head. I rubbed some of your Oint-ment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me two boxes I want one for a poor fam-"I enclose a dollar; your yrice is 25 cents "Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return

mail, for Chills and Fever .' For Cutaneous Disorders

And all eruptions of the skin, this Oniment is most invaluable. It does not head externally alone but penetrates with the most searthing effects to the

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS Invariably cure the following diseases Disorder of the Kidneys.

sches and pains setteled in the loins over the reg-ions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken ac-cording to the printed directions, and the Oint-Conkling is claimed as a ment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at hed time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

# For Stomachs Out of Order.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they removed all acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper piet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderful officacious in Republican. sames of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the best known in the Gonsumption, Deblity, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysiplas, Female Irregularities, Fever, of all kinds, Pits, Gout Headache, Indigestion, Inflamation, Jaundice Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of urine, Scrofula of King's Buil, Sore Throats; Stone and Gravel, Tic-Dou-oursux, Tumors, Ulcers, Worms of all kindes Weak

ness from any cause, etc. IMPORTANT CAUTION.

poor, as agent for the United States surrounds each box of Pills, and Ointment, A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such in-Sold the manufactory of Professor Hollowar & Co. New York, and by all respectable druggists and deslers in medicine throughout the civiliz ed world, in boxes at 26 cents, 62 cents and \$1

There is considerable saving by taking the la ger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients is every disorder are affixed to each box. Office, 112 Liberty Street,

New York.

Nov, 29-16, 1m.

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Cases and Frames always on hand. Now is the 
time to secure your LIKENESS—don't put it off—
the old folks won't cet any rounger, and may not 
the old folks won't cet any rounger, and may not time to secure your LIKENESS—don't put it off—the old folks won't get any younger, and may not get much older. The young folks get no prettier! By age the sweethearts need no suggestion from mas—no one knows but that this is their last opportunity ever to SIT FOR A PICTURE again! Then don't put it off. The quality is good, and no one is expected to pay for his Picture unless it IS GOOD. Particular attention paid to COPYING old Pictures. Instructions given in the Art, and apparatuses furnished at moderate charges. I would be pleased to have all call and examine whether wanting Pictures or not.

THOMAS B. BAYLESS.

Wilson, Burns & Co.,

Grocers and Commission Merchants

### The Morristown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 29, 1877.

Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscripions, &c.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to riodicals, the publishers may continue to send on until all arrearages are paid. them untill all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse their periodicals from the office to which they are directed

they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued. If subscribers move to other places without in-forming the publishers, and the papers sent to the former direction, they are held responsible. The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leav-ing them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud." Any person who receivs a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher, is authorized to send it ou, and the subscribers will be responsible untill an express notice, with payment of all ar-THE GAZETTE is a permanently established

newspaper with a paying and constantly increasures of subscribers. Its circulation in the counti of Hamblen, Hawkins, Cocke, Jefferson, Grainger and Claiborne is more general than any other pa-per—making it the best advertising medium in Upper East Tennessee.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The somewhat notorious editor of the Republican was severely cowhided in Washingtou on the 13th, by one of John Morgan's men. Bring out the reserves. The war has actually been re

The people of West Virginia have, at last, settled upon Charlestewn as their

President Hayes has accepted an invitation to visit the fair at Lexington, Kentucky, next month.

Twelve persons left New York last Saturday for South Africa, where they will engage in teaching. General Grant says there is one Italian

whose hand he especially desires to take and that is General Garibaldi. A \$50 counterfeit on the Third National Bank of Buffalo has appeared, whom I see the possibility of daring and is described as follows by the new

Letter A on upper right hand corner Dated March 10, 1865. This is printed from the altered plate of Central National Bank of New York. Title and changed on the plate. Note like its predecessor, about an eighth of an inch

shorter than genuine Some wag in the Georgia Convention offered a resolution that"we pledge ourselves to support any scheme for the protection of innocent lambs which will not contravene the national legal rights of hungry dogs."

It is again asserted that Grant is making his European tour a matter of busier they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with ness, to organize a ship canal company

Conkling is claimed as an active opponent of the Administration in the coming political contests. It is hard to see how he and Blaine will mingle.

The Republican papers delight in going back on West, of Ohio. They call

The stories of ravishing and murder in Turkey far exceed all Western notions concerning the limits of human endurance in wickedness. The Turks are reported to have killed

15,000 Christians at Eski Saghra. So lively corpse or two.

It is hardly possible to form an idea of thing.' of the ravages of the famine in India. The loss of life is placed at 300,000, and instead of decreasing, the suffering promises to increase in intensity. appeal is to be made to the people of

England, Scotland and Ireland. net, the rumors of serious difference between DeBroglie and Fortou notwithstanding. Mac will float smoothly along with his present advisers until they come to the Niagara in October,

and it is pretty hard to tell how things will adjust themselves after that date. The Indianapolis Journal says the exact character of Senator Morton's ail

ment is not given, but it is understood to result from indigestion, which, with the fatigue from work and travel, has re-It is said now that Prince Bismarck wants to marry King Alphonso, of Spain to the Princess Victoria, of Hesse, a

granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who is in her fifteenth year, and well grown and advanced in learning for her age. head was "level" when, a few days ago, he remarked that "the capitalist

who does not respect labor is a fraud, Famine prevails in Southern India.

It has assumed the proportions of a ter- conceal part of his face, and strode Being convinced that the people of this section of rible calamity. Many thousands of peo- across the grass, after the fashion of TURES, and feeling assured that I will receive a ple are perishing in Madras and Bombay. | stage ruffians.) "Onward he comes. The indications are that the famine will

ternoon till Tuesday morning, but God was with us, and he calmed the sea se that we were able to make sail. The next morning God spoke to me and said, 'I am with thee; don't fear. Trust in me, and I will land thee safe on the

face like rain.' watering-place situated by a beauti-Referring to the published accounts ful bay. relative to the firing on the American Consul's boat while flying the American flag at Acapulco, a dispatch has been re-E Keep constantly on hand a large and well as norted stock of Groceries, suitable for the thern and Western trade. We solicit consigning of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feath-Ginacog Beeswax, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fursiant Constant of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feath-Ginacog Beeswax, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fursiant Constant of Country Produces and Country Produ figure ste. Our facilities for doing business are national Government of Mexico and also his love for her. He never was senderable on it. stay at home and fight.

shore. The tears dropped down my

A BALLAD AS SUNG BY ALICE BENNETT, Softly sing the old song, darling, Songs to me you sweetly sung, 'Neath the skies of love's bright summer, In the days when we were young! Happy dreams will linger near me, As you murmur each refrain, So to comfort and to cheer me,

Sing the old songs once again, Softly, sweetly sing the old songs, Sing them, darling, once again, While I dream away all sadness, Wand'ring down sweet mem'ry's lane !

Sing the old songs, darling, They were always dear to me, I can hear each simple measure Sweet as ever sweet can be ! What a vision floats before me, Of those hours so free from pain, While the magic spell lies o'er me,

Sing the old songs once again ! Softly, sweetly, &c. Sing the old songs, darling, In the twilight and low, Bring me back the golden moments Love and youth, and long age ! Soon they'll pass away forever, Like the resping of the grain,

Kiss me, love and leave me never i

Sing the old songs once again

### Softly, sweetly, &c. A Trifling Fellow.

BY B. M. NEIL. "Annie, when you are as old as am, you will not judge so quickly. I know Mr. Craver well. Light as his

heart like a lion." Annie Leigh pouted, impatient of contradiction.

"A heart like a lion? Like sheep, you mean! It could imagine him capable of no brave deed."

"Why, Annie, do you want men to imitate the example of bloodthirsty knights, and kill for the sake of

"You know I don't aunt, so don't tease. But I do admire men in action. Mr. Craver is such a trifling fellow that I could never imagine

him doing anything grand." Annie Leigh was a very charming young lady. Everybody said so. date of issue are all that have been and everybody must be right. If she had a fault, it was that she was fool!" a little too demure.

Annie's aunt was a lady of fortyfive, keen and a judge of human na ture. Edward Craver could hardly have had better praise than hers. Annie, looked up, saw the trifling

fellow coming toward them. He certainly might have been called handsome. The compactness of his frame denoted strength, his features were reasonably regular

and his eyes were of dark brown. As he advanced, those brown eyes twinkled with the fun that bubbled in him. He could no more help be-

"Ah, ladies, this is a pleasure! haven't seen either of you for an hour. Miss Annie, have vou run out here to this bench to escape your admirers? Isn't it a grand say the correspondents, but we think party? If you don't believe its a they must have neglected to count a success, look at the lights flirtations. music. moonshine, and all that sort out upon the bay.

"Oh, Mr. Craver do be more seri-

"Never was more so in my life My apparent gaiety is only the sickly mask of mirth hiding a bleed-MacMahon, it is positively stated, is ing heart! and here the young genentirely satisfied with his present Cain tleman placed his hand upon his vest, in a melodramatic way, "I believe my hand is on that portion of my anatomy where the aforesaid bleeding member is popularly supposed to be. How's this for posish?"

> Annie couldn't help laughing at his attitude as she asked:

"What is the reason, Mr. Craver, your heart betrays such sanguinary

too many admirers. I see in my mind's eye (mind's eye is Shakespearean-ahem!) a terrible tragedy. I see a gushing gushing young lover at your feet-hair parted in the middle, swallow-tail coat, pomade ionally say the wrong thing, but his all over him. Enter, at right, villainous rival, to slow music and bass Villainous rival steals on thus." (Here Mr. Craver slouched his hat over his eyes, gathered his coat collar about his neck so as to 'Ha, ha! revenge! revenge! Gore! gore! give me gore!' he cries, and buries a knife in his rival's bosom. Fiendish laughter is heard in the

Annie Leigh actually looked disgusted.

"Deuced cold !" thought than gen- drowned by the wind and waves. tleman. "Denced sudden, too!" "Aunt." said Annie, when they

had left him. "What is it, dear?" "Mr. Edward Craver is a fool!" A few months after this, Annie anxiety, and the blace blace and her aunt were stopping at a

By a strnge coincidence, Mr. Edward Craver was stopping at the

Annie began to suspect that, if the water will cover this rock, and any further emigration of the Men-

Softly Sing the Old Song Darling. t mental, yet he tried to make that I am going to try to reach the shore. plain to her.

One night they were sitting on the hotel piazza. For once he had been in earnest; for once he had abandoned the light, bantering tone which was a second nature with him.

Annie wondered at him. bay, plain in the moonlight.

"See," he said, "how playful the the waves are to-night. Men science tell us the depths of those waters are quiet. May there not be human hearts showing only their lighter emotions, yet having in their depths strong purposes and earnest

She looked up, smiling, for his manner that night pleased her, and "I can conceive it;" then added,

lightly: "Am I to consider this personal explanation?" Quite earnestly he answered: "Annie, listen to me! There is a

strong stream in my nature, and it turns toward you. Heaven knows I am not trifling now, when I say I love you better than my life-remember that, Annie, better than my

She does not answer him at once. That second nature of his pokes itself into the scene like an inconvenient third party, and Edward says: "You hesitated. This is to be

He had hardly spoken the words before he regretted them.

They decided her. She rose, saying, rather indignantly: "It is useless to talk upon such subjects, Mr. Craver. Good-night!" Without protestation he left her.

group of gentlemen, talking and hers to him. "I did right, she muttered." He

But she sighed. The next day he asked her to take strength, broke into a run. drive, as though nothing had happened. They drove along the beach for several miles, until they reached a certain small hotel. Here they

At some distance from the shore there was a wide rock. At low tide it stood some little distant out of

Being low-water mark, Edward teraible sea. headed the boat for it. There was an iron stake drived into the rock. Edward fastened the boat's chain to higher, stronger burst the waves this, not noticing that the other end of the chain was lying loose in the almost touching the rock.

boat, unfastened. They had come upon the rock on wild cry of despair, a closing of her the side next to the beach. With eves, and, as she was swept from their backs to the shore and the boat, they sat upon the rock, looking

The sun had dried the stone surface, and they were sitting, as Ed-

ward said, "Turkish fashion." He was wonderfully interesting that afternoon. Although he did not even hint at love, Annie appreciated his earnestness and gravity. His wonted humor only came in

Neither of them noticed how time was fleeting until they were warned by the spray of a wave falling upon

"If we don't want a wetting, Mr Craver, we had better go," Annie

said, as they both rose. of the rock, then he turned quickly and confided to the impressible bet-

"You are the cause. You have "Are you a brave girl-stout of "What a strange question, Mr.

"Annie, do not be frightened. The

She clung to him, crying: "The boat gone? Then we lost! The tide is rising, and tops alone. She promised not to say a of waves are dashing at our feet. word about it, and invited the Count We are lost-we are lost !"

Edward looked for the boat, and the supper table.

beach there was not a living soul. He would shout; perhaps the peo-"Good-evening, Mr. Crayer! I am ple in the hotel might hear He did his best, but his voice was

> The wind's mourning and the waves' roaring struck terror to his heart-terror for the woman he loved. He tried to hide his face from her, that she might not see his

Quickly he pulled off his shoes, stockings and coat. What are you going to do?" sh

asked. "Annie." he answered, "I must be plain with you. In a little while

If I succeed, I will save you. I I do not succeed-well, your chance for life will be as good as if I re-

"Do not go, Edward, and risk your life for me! Help must come. If it does not, when the water is They were looking out upon the high, and I am washed away, you may still reach the shore."

> ."And leave you, my heart's dar ing, to die? Do you remember what I said to you last night? I love you better than my life-better than my life!"

> He took her hand and kissed it then, without giving her time to re ply, plunged in. He was a strong swift swimmer

but the waves were high. She groaned to see how slow wa the progress he made. Then she knelt upon the rock, though wave after wave deluged her with water She prayed-prayed as she had never done before-not for her safety. but for his. A great love had come into her heart.

It was a sigh for pittying angels -that fair girl upon the rock, in an indecent behavior. agony of unselfish prayer, unheeding the angry waves beating against her-that strong swimmer fighting the raging sea, which seemed to

lunger for him! When he at last was near the beach, she saw he had stopped swimanother case of bleeding heart, sup- ming. A cry of awful agony burst from her lips as she saw a great wave swallow him. Thank heaven,

there he was again, floating! Then she saw him swimming again. Another wave covered him : but, when it had broken itself to pieces on the beach, she saw hin standing in shallow water. He turn-She saw him shortly after, among a ed and waved his hand. She kissed

As he walked along the beach. it was with feeble step. Weak and is an empty-headed, empty-hearted sore he was, with his terrible struggle with the sea. Soon he quickened his pace, and, gathering new

Now that he was safe she began to fear for herself. The waves were breaking with tremendous force over her. She had to plant her feet put the horses up, and hired a sail- more firmly that she might not be

How fast the sea rose! Its mil lion voices filled the air with wild clamor in longing for her. She was the water, and at high tide it was sick with terror. Not much longer could she stand up against that

> ward her. Nearer' nearer it came; against her. It was very closefied against him as "spiritually low." But her strength was gone. A

At last she saw a boat put out to-

the rock, she waited for death. But love is quick and sure, and Edward caught her in his arms and poured kisses on her wet face.

"Edward, are we safe?" "Yes, my darling, safe!" "Your darling? Call me that

She did not resist him. Opening

her eyes, she asked:

"Aye, a hundred times, my dar-"Yes, Edward, and forevermore. I say what you said, 'I love you better than my life-better than my

Another Distressed Nobleman. A tramp came along the other Edward glanced toward the rear day, says the Bridgeport Standard, ter half of a farmer on the road that he was a Count who was traveling through the country in this humble way seeking a true heart which he might win and take back with him to share in the revenues of his immence estates in Italy. He begged moment. that she wouldn't mention the fact, as it might interfere with his cherish ed plan of being loved for himself to stop with them all night, giving "Be a brave little woman. We him the best bed in the house and

the seat nearest the beefstake at saw it far away, drifting out to sea. The meal was quite a revelation that, he allowed her to ride to which has been his home for the company at the time of the opening No passing vessel came so near the to her in the matter of the table Paterson, At that point the woman past si xteen years. He was born in of the canal, and from the first moshore, and the only assistance to be habits of the nobility of Europe but got off, and in assisting her to alight New Milford, Conn., and came to ment she met the Prince she gave hoped for must come from the land. the discovery she made in the morn- Conductor Tinney got possession of this city in 1822, at the time being, him every opportunity of making a But upon that long stretch of ing was still a greater eye-opener. the baby. He tucked the juvenile it was thought, about 29 years of fool of himself, but he persistently His lordship had departed in the under his arm and notified the wo age. If this be correct, his age at declined. There was no heroism in small hours, taking with him, pro- man that when she had paid her the time of his death was 84 years. his coldness he simply liked his bably as cherished souvenirs, the fare she could have the baby and Mr. Brooks was of a very modest cousin better, and he has since made larger portions of the bed lines, the not before. The baby began kick- and retiring disposition, and that is believed from the larger portions of the bed lines, the not before. The baby began kick- and retiring disposition, and that is smiles glanger fainting fits but farmer's best boots, an old horse- ing and squalling as Conductor one reason why he was so little he was adamant to all. pistol and half a ham. He left Tinney started for the depot. The known during the last few years to a dirty, scrawling misspelled note' woman pursued him, pocketbook in the general public. He first went stating that he must away, as his hand, and finally paid her fare, re- into business here in the manufacpassionate longing for the true heart ceiving in return the baby. On ture of woolen cloth, and afterward ular excitement the party conflicts of which he was ever in search would opening her pocket-book it was became a merchant, doing business that occur in the United States. So not let him rest until they were seen that she had plenty of money, in a store west of the present Arcade great is the agitation of the public united. The farmer loaded his and her conduct therefore was inex- entrance. Forty years ago he retirshot-gun, took the road, and was cusable. The question naturally ed from active business, and since gone two days, but didn't find the arises, what would Mr. Tioney have then has been engaged merely in Count. He must have gone back to done if the mother had declined to investing his money to the best ad- charged with the publication of arhis estates in Italy.

The Russian government forbids in his possession." earnest in nothing else, he was in the waves will dash over it with nonites to America. They must marriage of whites and colored has been ed a large fortune, about \$200,000 blood that have too often marked

A Nest of Fanatics.

From the Boston Advertiser, 11th. In Petersham, which is in the hill country of Massachusetts on this side the Connecticut river, there has been for several years a socialistic community known as Fullerites. In the beginning it consisted, we believe, of Millerites, who got a fantastic notion that they knew rather more about God and his will than the rest of the world, and they clubbed together to enjoy their blessing. The community has been peaceable enough, for the most part, and prosperous, receiving accessions occas ionally, but not growing numerous. They cultivate the land and engaged in some light manufactures, we believe, selling their surplus product. People thought them peculiar and a bit beside themselves on religious matters, and their morality was suspected; but they were fair dealing and honest in pecuniary mat ters, and made no trouble. All at once they have become a scandal to the rural community thereabouts, and one of their number was thi week before the court in Athol fo

These people take their name from their leader for the time being. At first they were Howlandites, then, until lately, Fullerites, and now Howeites. John C. Howe, the present leader, hails from Worchester. He joined the community last June, and with him another man named J. A. Gusley. Since then a revolution has taken place. Howe, a gray haired old gentleman, is regarded as a special messenger sent by God, and seems to have usurped complete control, leading the weak fools who trust him into strange courses. He receives "revelations from God like a Mormon prophet, and th brethren and sisters obey him wit ridiculous trust. His conduct has been grossly indecent, and he is un der arrest for indecent exposure of his person. At the trial in Athol Tuesday, the witnesses against hin were Asa F. Richards, Treasurer of the corporation, and his son, L. ( Fuller, a daughter of President Ful ler, whose name they were known by for a long time, and two other members of the community. Some of these have been driven away by Howe's conduct. Howe had no counsel and no witness, and pretended to rely upon Divine interposi tion in his behalf; but President Ful ler, Sister Hawkes and Steward Briggs barangued the Court in his behalf, insisting that he was born of

He was, nevertheless, bound over for trial in the Superior Court at Fitchburg next week. It came out that the community numbers 18 persons, and in an incor porated body empowered to hold \$500,000 worth of property. The married couples who join it are separated on their arrival and thenceforth hold a higher marriage relation, the nature of which we do not pretend to understand. Formerly their farm was well kept, but has latterly fallen (into decay, and not long ago they sold all their furniture by auction and bought new. It is not unlikely, and is certainly much to be desired, that the dissensions that have arisen and the revelations that have been made will have the result of breaking up the community. Massachusetts is not very prolific in communities of this kind, but they are likely to spring up anywhere when a few fanatics under upsetting excitement take a fancy that they have obtained new light on dark sub-

How a Conductor got his Fare.

God and the holiest man alive, and

condemning some of those who testi-

The Middletown Press gives the following incident in connection with the duties of a popular conductor on the Erie railway: "Con ductor James Tinney, on leaving Jersey City recently, found a passenger on his train, a woman with baby in her arms, who refused to pay her fare. Not wishing to put her off the train between two stapay and walked off leaving the baby

Farmer's Daughters.

Nihil, a contributor to the Indiana armer, in writing on this subject

I was talking to a farmer's daugh er the other day, and we naturally seemed, dropped into complain nge, and each revealed the fact that he was discontented. I ask her what she intended to do for a living and she answered, "O, I don't know want to get away and make money omehow. If I could go to school little more I could teach, but they an't spare me." I knew that al er life had been one round of cook ng, and milking and churning; o vashing, and scrubbing and ironing knew that her father was a wealthy armer, a granger, and a leading hurch member. He has a good arm and a cosy barn-such a cosy parn-and money in band. And when I looked at the ugly old farmouse, with its black doors, and mall windows; its calves, and pig and chickens, running in undisturb ed tranquility over the yard, I did not wonder that she found it unat tractive, and that she wanted to 'get away." The finer sensibilities f her woman nature were awaken ng, and they called for something better. I, for one, do not blame the farmer's daughters for being dissat-

sfied. I know how much they have o make them so. When will these farmers learn that the "life is more than meat, and the body than raiment?" When will they cease considering it a waste of time to send their children to chool, or a waste of money to pay for books or magazines? Why will they spend their money giving the eathen a chance to be lost when their daughters are absolutely suf fering for something to read? They toil and sweat, wasting the soul's best earnings in providing for the poor, frail body, that, were it not that it is the temple of the soul, would be worth no more to us than a piece of wood or a stone. They everse the positions and make the rightful master servant. Their time is wholly occupied in providing for the temporal wants.

Holland tells us that farmers are afraid to be educated, or refined, or to cultivate the beauties of nature, lest they be thought "stuck up. He says that their finer nature, beng neglected, becomes sluggish and dormant. When they go to sleep they merely "go to roost," when they eat they "tuck away grab;" that they "surprise the ir backs with cle an shirts," and when they marry they "hitch on." In all this we recognize more of truth than poetry. Perhaps it is true the world is what we make it; but the sad part of this truth is, that some of us cannot make it what it ought to be, or what we wish it to be. If the natures that are given us with the exis tence that is thrust upon us are sluggish and stolid, we must suffer the consequences throughout time and eternity. No matter how much we may do to er. eradicate the baser p art, we can never attain the higher standard we night have reached if loving and

onsiderate parents had helped to repare the way for us. We hear a great deal about the lignity and nobility of labor; we ee the truth of this in the results of the lives of such men as Hugh Miller Agassiz and our old time patriots. But labor having no good end in view; labor that is not a means of attaining some higher good; labor that is merely muscular expansion and contraction for the sake of making and keeping money, is only a method of soul-murder. We need never be afraid of labor, provided we work in the right spirit. Anna Dickinson used to clean street crossings to earn money to pay for

A Modest Philanthropist. vantage and looking after his real tieles having an incendiary and reestate. Being unmarried, and have volutionary character. The election The Texas law prohibiting the inter, ing no family to look after, he amasse fortunate if she escape the scenes of of which he gave secretly to several the history of the country.

worthy and public institutions. He was the mysterious gentleman who brough Prof. Ward, bestowed \$120,-000 upon the University of Virgina at Monticello. It was also he who gave \$10,000 to the Rochester City Hospital last year, and the unknown friend who would not allow his name to be made public, who gave \$10,000 to St. Mary's Hospital. In a similar manner he also gave secretly \$5,000 to the Industrial School and \$5,000 to the Female Charitable Society. He thus carried out the Scripture injunction-"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in seeret." His gifts to the Virginia University were induced by his desire to ommemorate the home of Jefferson,

#### Gambling.

who was a friend of his family,

The finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds, would meet, though the place of rendezyous were the chamber of the dying; hey would meet though it were an apartment in the charnel house. Not even the death of kindred can affect the gambler. He would play upon his brother's coffin; he would play

upon his father's sepulchre. Yonder see that wretch, prematurely old in infirmity, as well as sin. He is the father of a family. The mother of his children, lovely in her tears, strives with the tenderest assiduities, to restore his temperance, his love of home, and the long lost charms of domestic ife. She pursues him, with her entreaties, to his haunts of vice; she reminds him of his children; she tells him of their virtues; of their sorrows; of their wants; and she adjures him, by the love of them, and by the love of God, to repent, and return. Vain attempt! she might as well adjure the whirlwind; she might as well intreat the tiger.

The brute has no feeling left. He turns upon her in the spirit of the demons with which he is possessed. He curses his children, and her who bore them; and as he prosecutes his his game, he fills the intervals with imprecations on his Maker; imprecations borrowed from the dialect of devils, and hatred with a tone that befits only the organs of the damned! And yet in this monster, there once dwelt the spirit of a man. He had talents, he had honor, he had even faith. He might have adorned the senate, the bar, the altar. But alas! his was a faith that saveth not. The gaming table has robbed him of it, and of all things else that are worth possessing. What a frightful change of character! What a tremendous wreck is the soul of man in ruins! Return, disconsolate mother, to thy dwelling, and be submissive; thou shalt become a widow, and thy children fatherless. Further efforts will be useless. God has forsaken him-nor will angels weep or watch over him any long-

The Khedive's Family.

A letter from Cairo corrects some

absurd mistakes made in a late ac-

count of the family life of the Khedive. It was said he had but three sons, and that the middle one disdained his little brother and detested the big. Moreover, that he was likely to bring himself into trouble through his passion for one of the artists of his father's French theater. The Khedive says the writer, has many more than three sons. Heaven in its munificence has made him very frequently a father. The Princes Tewfick, Hussem and Hassam. the three young men in question, are merely his eldest. The first is the heir. He has been well educated, and he speaks Arabic, Turkish, Persian, French and English, with almost equal facility. Hussem was brought up in Paris, yet, strange to say, he has no unqualified admiration for actresses, and he has always Rochester, but who of late years has brothers—the two and all the rest. not been very well known to the It was the artiste that loved him, public, died very suddenly last Thurs- not he the artiste-Mme. de Sienne, tions, being too gallant a man for day evening at the Osborn House, She was a member of his father's